



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

When she came to particulars, certain stray fears of my own were confirmed. It seemed that Laura's constitution was not fit, Janet averred, to bear these irregular hours, early and late; and she plainly dwelt on the untasted oatmeal in the morning, the insufficient luncheon, the precarious dinner, the excessive walking, the evening damps. There was coming to be a look about her such as her mother had, who died at thirty. As for Marian—but here the complaint suddenly stopped; it would have required far stronger revocation to extract from the faithful soul one word that might seem to reflect on Laura.

Another year, and her forebodings had come true. It is needless to dwell on the interval. Since then I have sometimes felt a regret almost insatiable, in the thought that I should have been absent while all that gracious beauty seemed fading and dissolving like a cloud; and yet at other times it has appeared a relief to think that Laura would ever remain to me in the fullness of her beauty, not a tint faded, not a lineament changed. With all my efforts, I arrived only in time to accompany Kenmure home at night, after the funeral service. We paused at the door of the empty house—how empty! I hesitated, but Kenmure motioned to me to follow him in.

We passed through the hall and went upstairs. Janet met us at the head of the stairway, and asked me if I would go in to look at little Marian, who was sleeping. I begged Kenmure to go also, but he refused, almost savagely, and went on, with heavy step, to Laura's deserted room.

Almost the moment I entered the child's chamber, she waked up suddenly, looked at me, and said, "I know you, you are my friend." She never would call me her cousin. I was always her friend. Then she sat up in bed, with her eyes wide open, and said, as if stating a problem which had been put by for my solution, "I should like to see my mother."

How our hearts are rent by the unquestioning faith of children, when they come to test the love which has so often worked what seemed to them miracles—and ask of it miracles indeed! I tried to explain to her the continued existence of her beautiful mother, and she listened to it as if her eyes drank in all that I could say, and more. But the apparent distance between earth and heaven baffled her infant mind, as it often and so sadly baffles the thoughts of us elders. I wondered what precise change seemed to her to have taken place. This all-fascinating Laura, whom she adored, and who had yet never been to her what other women are to their darlings—did heaven seem to put her farther off, or bring her more near? I could never know. The healthy child had no morbid questionings; and as she had come into the world to be a sunbeam, she must not fail of that mission. She was kicking about the bed, by this time, in her nightgown, and holding her pink little toes in all sorts of difficult attitudes, when she suddenly said, looking me full in the face: "If my mother was so high up that she had her feet upon a star, do you think that I could see her?"

This astronomical apotheosis startled me for a moment, but I said unhesitatingly, "Yes," feeling sure that the lustrous eyes that looked in mine could certainly see as far as Dante's, when Beatrice was transferred from his side to the highest realm of Paradise. I put my head beside hers upon the

pillow, and stayed till I thought she was asleep.

I then followed Kenmure into Laura's chamber. It was dusk, but the after-sunset glow still bathed the room with imperfect light, and he lay upon the bed, his hands clenched over his eyes.

There was a deep bow-window where Laura used to sit and watch us, sometimes, when we put off in the boat. Her æolian harp was in the casement, breaking its heart in music. A delicate handkerchief was lodged between the cushions of the window-seat,—the very handkerchief she used to wave, in summer days long gone. The white boats went sailing beneath the evening light, children shouted and splashed in the water, a song came from a yacht, a steam-whistle shrilled from the receding steamer; but she for whom alone those little signs of life had been dear and precious would henceforth be as invisible to our eyes as if time and space had never held her; and the young moon and the evening star seemed but empty things, unless they could pilot us to some world where the splendor of her loveliness could match their own.

Twilight faded, evening darkened, and still Kenmure lay motionless, until his strong form grew in moody fancy to be like some carving of Michel Angelo, more than like a living man. And when he at last startled me by speaking, it was with a voice so far off and so strange, it might almost have come wandering down from the century when Michel Angelo lived.

"You are right," he said. "I have been living in a dream. It has all vanished. I have kept no memorial of her presence, nothing to perpetuate the most beautiful of lives."

Before I could answer, the door came softly open, and there stood in the doorway a small white figure, holding aloft a lighted taper of pure alabaster. It was Marian in her little nightdress, with the loose, blue wrapper trailing behind her, let go in the effort to hold carefully the doll, Susan Halliday, robed also for the night.

"May I come in?" said the child. Kenmure was motionless at first, then, looking over his shoulder, said merely "What?"

"Janet said," continued Marian, in her clear and methodical way; "that my mother was up in heaven, and would help God hear my prayers at any rate; but if I pleased, I could come and say them by you."

A shudder passed over Kenmure; then he turned away, and put his hands over his eyes. She waited for no answer, but, putting down the candlestick, in her own wonted careful manner, upon a chair, she began to climb upon the bed, lifting laboriously one little rosy foot, then another, still dragging after her, with great effort, the doll. Nestling at her father's breast, I saw her kneel.

"Once mother put her arm around me, when I said my prayers." She made this remark, under her breath, less as a suggestion, it seemed, than as the simple statement of a fact.

Instantly I saw Kenmure's arm move, and grasping her with that strong and gentle touch of his that I had so often noticed in the studio,—a touch that seemed quiet as the approach of fate, and as resistless. I knew him well enough to understand that iron adoption.

He drew her toward him, her soft hair was on his breast, she looked fearlessly in his

eyes, and I could hear the little prayer proceeding, yet in so low a whisper that I could not catch one word. She was infinitely solemn at such times, the darling; and there was always something in her low, clear tone, through all her prayings and philosophizings, which was strangely like her mother's voice. Sometimes she seemed to stop and ask a question, and at every answer I could see her father's arm tighten, and the iron girdle grow more close.

The moments passed, the voices grew lower yet, the doll slid to the ground. Marian had drifted away upon a vaster ocean than that whose music lulled her from without,—upon that sea whose waves are dreams. The night was wearing on, the lights gleamed from the anchored vessels, the bay rippled serenely against the low sea-wall, the breeze blew gently in. Marian's baby breathing grew deeper and more tranquil; and as all the sorrows of the weary earth might be imagined to exhale themselves in spring through the breath of violets, so it seemed as if it might be with Kenmure's burdened heart. By degrees the strong man's deeper respirations mingled with those of the child, and their two separate beings seemed merged and solved into identity, as they slumbered, breast to breast, beneath the golden and quiet stars. I passed by without awakening them; I knew the artist had attained his dream.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

TURNING POINTS IN THE LIVES OF GREAT ARTISTS.

No. 1.—FLAXMAN AND THE GOLD MEDAL.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

INTRODUCTION.

John Flaxman, one of the greatest sculptors England has produced, was the son of a poor plaster-figure maker, and was born in York, 1755. Taken notice of as a poor, clever, invalid boy, of great promise, and with a taste for Art, by the Rev. Mr. Mathew—as Nollekens Smith, that most delightful of all antiquarian Art-gossipers, tells us—he was encouraged to make designs from Homer, and from Greek plays. His first statue was an "Alexander the Great," executed for a Mr. Knight, in Portland Place. After his marriage with Miss Denman, in 1782, the young sculptor left his humble home in Wardour Street, and went to Rome to study, incited, it is said, by that incorrigible old bachelor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, warning him that when an artist once married, he relinquished study, and betook himself to manufacture and money-making—a bitter remark, but true, if taken with a grain or two of restrictive salt.

The present scene is intended to depict the conceit and arrogance of Flaxman's early youth. On a certain occasion (1781), when he competed with one Engleheart, for the Academy's gold medal, he lost it entirely by his intolerable self-confidence, and the dangerous contempt he foolishly entertained of

his adversary. His mortification and subsequent amendment—an amendment that led him at once to greatness—I have tried to relate, in a *quasi* dramatic form. The incidents are carefully founded on fact.

SCENE I.

The FLAXMAN Oyster-Supper.

A humble room in the house of Flaxman's father—the plaster-figure seller in the Strand, opposite Durham Yard, the night of the presentation of the gold medal at the Academy. The supper-table, glistening under the unusual light of four tallow candles, groans with two piles of Colchester oysters, three crisp loaves, and some fresh-smelling pats of country butter, whose medallioned surfaces are stamped with figures, beautiful as cameos—thanks to Flaxman junior. There are four guests present, besides the thoughtful old cast seller, and the chairman of the happy, and, of course, (what fool doubts it?) triumphant evening, the young competitor for

THE GREAT ACADEMIC GOLD MEDAL, this night to be presented. The patron of the Flaxmans, the Rev. Mr. Mathew, unfortunately could not come; but Stothard and Blake are both there, with two unknown artists, whom we will call *A.* and *B.* Before each one, on the snowy cloth, lies the top of an oyster barrel, a rough glass-cloth, and a short, broad oyster-knife; for every one here in Liberty Hall helps himself, and is free and happy.

The hero of the evening is a lame, thin stripling, with good, luminous eyes, and a prominent, full forehead. His dark hair is combed down over his shoulders; but he wears no powder, and despises wigs. His coat is plain claret color, and of almost Quakerly simplicity. All but the hero are occupied; *A.* and *B.* are spluttering about in kindly, but vain, attempts to open the obdurate shell-fish. Flaxman senior, stealing now and then a glance of pride at the hero, who leans back and sketches the group on the back of a letter, is fussily busy, spreading thick bread and butter for the whole party. Blake, the visionary and poet, has opened one oyster, and having discovered a nest of water fairies inside its pearly casket, is dreaming over it in a brown study. Stothard, gentle and kind, is pursuing the oyster opening with quiet success, and fans of opened mollusca (like washed-out peacock's tails, as Mr. Mayhew so cleverly and fancifully has it) lie spread before him.

Presently, as Sally enters, blooming from the cold river wind, with five pots of stout in silvery pewter, from the "Three Cocked Hats," in Salisbury street, the openers lay down their weapons, Blake yields up his dream, Stothard laughs and points to his successes, and *A.* and *B.* desist from their Sisyphean labor; to them, with proud self-

confidence, Flaxman junior, clapped on the back by his father, raises his head, and shows a clever caricature drawing of all the group, which *A.* and *B.* say, with one voice,

"Is too bad, John!"

Now, with semicircular bites, blowing of froth, sifting of sneezy pepper, and libations to Neptune of vinegar, the supper commences in earnest.

But before I report the conversation of men now dead, and so break the confidence of Hades, let me draw attention to two or three professional facts, not unimportant to those who would wish to view the scene once more, and through my eyes.

The room is a small room, with a brown smoked ceiling, and with a glass door, green-curtained, through which you can catch occasional glimpses of the white figures in the outer shop, met as in eternal and silent parliament. There are all my old friends: the careful bending Discobolus, with a quoit like a huge white bun in his poisoning hand; "Laocoon & Co.," involved in a very chancery suit of snakes; the "Dying Gladiator," conscious of death, and dying by thick sobs; the "Venus," with the little doll-head; the "Apollo," the divine dancing-master; the anonymous "Torso," with his packed-up trunk; the "Wrestlers," tangled together in angry interlacement; the "Fighting Gladiator," ready even to scale heaven; the "Apolino," fawn-like and beautiful; the "Hercules," exhibiting his matchless muscles; and the "Antinous," a fop trying to look the god.

Nor, indeed, is the supper-room too without some overflowings of shop about it. On the wall hangs a cast of the huge arm of Michael Angelo's "Moses;" over the sideboard are strung hands and skulls, and plaster studies of the "Dying Alexander," and Niobe, and the Diana: On the mantelpiece stare the grim heads of Verus and Caracalla; and over the sofa are some anatomical studies of legs and arms, in strong action, and painted in dull blue and red.

"I wish, dear John," said Flaxman senior, suddenly breaking from a discussion as to how many sovereigns the gold medal would weigh, "that our dear friend, Mr. Mathew, could be here to-night, to share our pleasure and triumph."

"He is a clever man," said the victor, gulping down an oyster, "and gives nice parties, where one can really see somebody."

"How well I remember that blessed day, John, when he came into my shop—"

"More oysters, father?" broke in the irreverent hero, dreading an old and, perhaps, what might at this special juncture of success, be called rather a derogatory story.

"Just a few, John. We lived in New Street, Covent Garden, then, and he came with a 'Cupid and Psyche' that he wanted mended; I remember Psyche's right arm

was broken. We were talking pleasantly enough about Rome, when—"

"Oh, never mind all that, father, now; I no longer require Reverend Mr. Mathew; I'm an Academy gold medallist; and besides people—"

"Nonsense, John; Mr. Blake, do you—"

"Oh, pray tell it all through, Mr. Flaxman," said Blake; "I like to hear how dear Jack got on."

"Well, we were talking about the Borghese and the Aldobrandini, and so on, pleasantly enough, when who should give little, low cough, quite down behind the counter, but you, John. He was a poor little pale fellow on crutches then, Mr. Stothard; and there he was, seated in a baby chair, with a large folio Virgil propped up on a big chair before him, on which he had put his little weak legs."

"I wish you wouldn't go on, father," breaks in the hero, rather petulantly: "why am I always to be reminded of my crutches?"

"No, you wouldn't think, Mr. Blake, to see John now—a gold medallist, and not unlikely to be a great sculptor too one of these days—that he was ever a poor cripple; but there, God is good, and what I say is—well John, I won't, if it makes you angry; yet why should it?—So the reverend gentleman, looking kindly over the counter—for the coughing had startled him—asked John, 'What book are you reading, my little boy?' 'A Latin one—Virgilius Maro,' said John, rising on his crutches."

"There you go again, father."

"Don't, John; give me another glass of stout. 'I'm trying to learn Latin, Sir,' said John. 'Indeed!' replied the reverend gentleman, quite pleased like, 'then I'll bring you a Horace to-morrow;' and so he did, and from that time to this he has been one of John's best friends."

"Got him the 'Alexander' to do for Mr. Knight," says *A.*

"And the drawings for Mr. Crutchley," chimes in *B.*

"When John was only six, I remember him, too," says Flaxman senior, with honest paternal pride, "standing between Mr. Smith's knees, and looking at his antique seal. Presently he up with his little demure coaxing face, and says to Smith, 'Oh, Mr. Smith, let me take a squeeze from your blue seal. Father often gives me impressions, and allows me to look at them when I'm not busy with my Delectus and Latin exercises.'"

"Then he used to go to Rathbone Place, didn't he, Mr. Flaxman?" says Stothard, "and drew from Homer, while Mrs. Mathew read it to him."

"Surely, surely," says the father, "John never cared for toys; but put him down be-

fore a cast, and he would sit an hour at a time watching it."

"Is not that Dying Alexander like 'a lost spirit,' honored sir?" says Blake, suddenly, to Flaxman senior.

"I really never saw one, Mr. Blake—by the bye, Sally, get out the spirits," says the matter-of-fact man to the visionary—"the spoons, Sally, and do mind the water boils."

"Now, Stothard, what do you think of my 'Fury of Athamas'?" says the hero, who feels it time to appear on the stage. "Do you think it really is my best work, as all the fellows seem to say?"

"I do, Jack; full of the classical spirit, and animated with quite a Michael Angel-esque spirit, though less violent."

"But not tame—not at all tame?" nervously asks the self-crowned hero.

"No, not the least tame; but—"

"What but?"

"Why, I think the right leg of Athamas has the patella a trifle too—"

"No, just right; rather too high, if possible."

"Oh, excellent; leg the best part," says A.

"By Jove, splendid leg," says B., who like A., is a friend of the family, and a wholesale admirer and hanger-on of Flaxman junior.

"There are weak points, Mr. Stothard," says the father; "but you are wrong about the leg—oh, certainly wrong about John's leg; a low patella is a beauty; you see it in the 'Epaminondas, of Apollodorus,'"

"I dare say, my dear sir, I am wrong," says the defeated Stothard, amicably. "I'm sure that John knows a great deal more about patellas than I do; still I—John, some more brown bread and butter. Thank you."

"I met De Vere this morning," says the hero that is to be, "just by Exeter 'Change, and he said to me, 'Flaxman, you are certain of the gold medal.' Now De Vere is never wrong. I say, father, it isn't seven yet, is it? I must be at the Academy by half-past seven."

"No, John, it wants thirteen minutes. Sally, get John some water to wash his hands; and see if my silver-laced hat—my small one—will fit him; we must send the boy smart."

"But, by the by, John," says the father, suddenly knitting his brows, for more serious thought and on higher things than oysters, "you have been so busy all this blessed afternoon, running up and down the Strand, telling all your friends about your gold medal, that you have quite forgot to tell me how you got on this morning at the Academy, modelling with Engleheart before the Keeper, to prove you really did 'the Fury of Athamas' yourself."

"Who was Athamas?" says A., irrelevantly.

"Oh, a King of Thebes who went mad, to be sure; what a silly question!" says the hero, magnificently. "Well, I'll tell you: I and that stupid German fellow, Engleheart, met at the door of Somerset House just as the clock struck ten. 'How do you, Mr. Flaxman?' says he, with his nasty German brogue. I replied, 'Pretty well, sir, I thank you,' in a high sort of manner, for I wanted to show him his proper position. And there, do you know, father; the vulgarian had really got a great lump of clay in a red handkerchief, and his modelling-tools were sticking out of his waistcoat pocket!"

"I'm a plain man myself," says Flaxman senior, "and I see no harm in that; but he is a dull, plodding fellow. By the by, John, just look at that arm of Moses; how it stands out against the wall. Do you know I should like to see you get more of the large Angel-esque manner."

"I don't care much for Michael Angelo myself, father; I prefer the Apollo by far. But to go on. Well, we began; we were to have four hours, and the subject was 'Edipus led by Antigone.' I and Engleheart agreeing to show each other our work at the end of the two first hours. I worked away like a lion, brought the thing in shape in the time, got the composition and attitudes all right; then off I stepped to Engleheart's stand, at the other end of the room."

"Blake, poke the fire, there's a lad," said Stothard.

Blake, thinking he sees a devil staring out of a red coal, pokes meditatively.

"I wish people wouldn't keep interrupting one. Well, when I got to Engleheart, I found him with a bit of clay, like an unfinished candlestick, before him. Only think, father! and the big German zany, with his head between his hands, was trying to think."

"Avec la phisionomie d'un mouton qui reve?" suggests Stothard, laughing.

"By George, sir, he had not even commenced, yet two whole hours gone, and I half finished. 'Oh, Mr. Flaxman,' says he, 'how difficult it is to do anything new in this old world!' 'I dare say you will find it so,' I said; ha! ha!"

"Did you really," chime in the small parasites, A. and B.

"Oh, you were very hard on the German," says the father, too lenient to the silly and rather unfeeling arrogance of the hero.

"That Engleheart is an evil spirit of the third class," said Blake, suddenly looking up from his meditations.

"Oh, nonsense, Blake," said Stothard; "why, then, don't you take spirits of the first class?" pushing to him the bottle.

"I shall never, I suppose, be allowed by the talkative Mr. Stothard, to finish my story. From that moment I knew the medal

was mine; though I must say the Keeper said there were good points in Engleheart's Edipus, but his Antigone was a mere little kitchen wench compared to my classical figure."

"Edipus," said Blake, gravely, "was a good spirit of the second class."

"Oh, nonsense, Blake, do be quit with your classifications! Who gave you a look at heaven's prize list?"

"The same man, John, who gave you the gold medal."

"John, John, that's 'a palpable hit!'" said the father; "who knows that we are not, after all, counting our chickens before they are hatched?"

"No! no!" chorus A. and B., chinking their spoons against their glasses.

"I wish John would wear a proper wig," said Stothard; "he does not look quite like a good spirit in his own hair—at least so Blake says."

"Oh, Stothard, I didn't say so! I shall give up wigs too, for they were the invention of the evil spirits."

"Chickens before they're hatched," sulked John; "well, I'm sure, father! perhaps you all think I had better not have tried."

"No, John, we don't," says the father; "only you are just a little too self-confident; the best men may fail, you know. I want to see your touch in carving squarer and bolder; I want more of the Donatello simplicity—more of the grace of—"

"Oh, I dare say, father; you want to see me Phidias of Della Robbia, and Bernini, altogether. But I must be starting. Where are my lace ruffles, Sally, and the court sword? And tie up my hair again—this ribbon is too loose. Where shall we keep the medal, father?"

[JOHN retires to wash his hands, grandly, and with an air of injured greatness.

A. And now John is gone, will you tell me, Mr. Flaxman, who Athamas was and all about him; for you see, firework-making for Vauxhall, though it cultivates the taste, does not leave one much time for the classics.

Flaxman senior, (with an oratorical voice.) It is all related in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," a book of great antiquity, and thoroughly to be relied on. Athamas (the "a" is short,) the son of Æolus, was a King of Thebes—Thebes, in Boeotia—and he married Ino, of whom Juno became jealous."

"Why?" says irrational A.

"Ovid does not tell us; but the Greek gods seem to have been of an uncertain and envious temper, and to have always got jealous of fortunate people, such as millionaires and ladies with large families. So Juno, being, for this or that, jealous, sends Tisiphone, one of the Furies—"

"Fourth class," says Blake, anxiously.

"And afflicted him with temporary mad-

ness. In this state, suddenly springing from the bath, he imagines that Ino is a lioness, and her two children dangerous whelps. Learchus, the younger, he seizes by the leg and dashes his brains out against a wall; Melicerta, the eldest, Ino escapes with, and, hurling herself with him from a cliff into the sea, is turned into a marine deity."

"And nobly John treated it," says B., ashamed of A.'s ignorance, but not at all of his own.

"Yes," said the father, "he followed my advice, I think judiciously, in the general contour. Not that John is too modest, or very easily led. The attitude of Athamas is very fine: one leg is thrown sharply forward, the other strained behind; the sartorius, or tailor's muscle, is beautifully shown on the left thigh; the ligament of the right leg, too, finely felt, as like an anklet it clasps round and compresses the springing cords of the limb strongly in motion. Oh, it is a triumph! Then the way the child hangs, struggling at his back; by Jupiter, you can almost see it move! That boy will one day—"

Re-enter FLAXMAN, in full dress, and swelling with importance, and adjusting his cocked hat.

"Good bye, father and all. I shall be back, boys, in ten minutes, with the gold medal."

[Exit.]

"God bless and guard him," says the father.

"Amen," says Stothard.

"Keep the evil spirits of the fourth class specially from him, O Omnipotent," prays Blake.

A. and B. Three cheers for John Flaxman, the gold medallist for 1781!

SCENE II.

The Academy Lecture Room, Somerset House.

The dons in full dress, powder and gold, swords, and all other falals, are seated in conclave for the distribution of prizes. The surging sea of students subsides into silence as the President, reading from a list, says—

"The gold medal for 17—"

A buzz as Flaxman, a little late, fussily enters, wipes his face, nods to a dozen or two friends, and shakes some twenty outstretched hands. A buzz again, as the President, having mislaid the right paper, at last finds it, and begins reading. The Keeper takes from the table the great shining gold medal, and prepares it for the President to hand to the victor. A dead silence.

(PRESIDENT reads in a slow, mechanical voice, glancing up at FLAXMAN. ENGLEHEART is paring his nails in a corner.)

"The gold medal for 1781, for the best model of 'The Fury of Athamas,' is given to (here he takes snuff)—given to HERMAN ENGLEHEART. At the same time the Council would observe that, in spite of some hurry and tri-

fling faults, Mr. Flaxman's work, though not sufficiently learned and careful, shows great talent."

SCENE III.

The KEEPER and an ACADEMICIAN over their wine, in a snug sanctum at Somerset House.

Keeper. Well, do you know, Cotes, after all though, like you, I am sorry for some things, I am glad Engleheart got the "Gold," though industry is really almost his only merit; I think it will do that young man, John Flaxman, a world of good, and take a little of that insolent conceit out of him. Why, he cares no more for an Academician than—. Take some more wine, and I'll ring the bell for another bottle. There's a deuced deal in that fellow; and now he'll work more and talk less. 'Pon my word though, I couldn't bear to see him mope out of the room when Engleheart, red as fire, strode up and took the medal from the President. Here, Tom, take the key of the cellar, and get two more of the Yellow Seal; take care of the candle.

SCENE IV.

The Oyster-Supper at FLAXMAN senior's again. The same dramatis personæ as before. Enter the hero, slowly; his cocked hat over his eyes, his hands deep in his pockets.

Father (eagerly). Well, John. Hallo! Are you ill? What has happened? What! Not—eh! Why—eh?

The hero (quite chap fallen). Father, I was a conceited jackanapes! Engleheart is twice, as clever as I am! Engleheart got the gold medal! I shall never do anything! I'll join Askew, firework-making—I'll list!—*(bursts into an agony of tears.)*

[From Frank Leslie's "Budget of Fun."]

THE RIME OF THE COMMITTEEMAN.

BY SHUGGE.

It is an old committeeman,
And he stoppeth one of three:
"By thy varnish-brush and flowing beard,
Now, wherefore, stops't thou me?"

"My picture's hanging near the sky,
A ladder I've obtained,
Old man I'll surely black your eye
If I am thus detained."

He holds him with his painty hand;
"There is a 'line'!" quoth he.
"Hold off!—unhand me!" cried the youth.
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his varnish-pot—
The painter-man stands still,
And listens like a tender babe—
The "liner" hath his will.

The painter-man sat on a bench
Near Gifford's large seashore,
And thus spake the committeeman,
That most egregious bore:

"There was an exhibition held
Within these sacred walls,
The thought of whose immensity
My very soul appalls.

"The portraits and the landscapes,
And the busts and statues there,
Confounded all the critics
And made the people stare.

"There was Waterman and Hiddeman,
Martin, also Hows,
Heade, who paints the large marines,
As well as Mrs. Clowes.

"There was Huntington and Rosenberg,
Smith and J. G. Brown,
And even the great Inness
Had sent a work to town.

"There were Kensett, Gifford, Hubbard,
Baker, Thomas Hicks,
Who by the New York *Locuter*
Was pitched into like bricks.

"They all had sent their pictures
From Prex down to one A,
And waited then with longing hearts
For the happy varnish day.

"A word within thine ear, O youth,
List to this tale of mine,
I hung my own big picture
Directly on the 'line.'

"'Twas thus I hung my picture,
And Hicks', too, the same:
My own it was 'Chocorua Peak,'
And his was 'Dr. Kane'!

"Oh, I have done a hellish thing,
And it will work me woe,
My life is sad, and to the bad
I'm certain sure to go;
Yet why repine? for on the 'line'
My picture yet doth show."

At this stage of the dialogue
Old Cafferty came up,
And asked the youthful painter-man
To lend his varnish-cup.

The painter-man he longed and longed
For his picture near the sky,
And Cafferty he puffed and puffed,
And vowed that he was "dry."

"Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, O painter-man,
If you in happiness would dwell
Be not a 'liner' man.

"Farewell, farewell, O painter-man,
Paint not 'Chocorua Peak,'
And never paint a 'Dr. Kane'—
Oh, never have such cheek!"

The painter-man looks wildly round,
But the "liner" hears he not,
And the "liner" he has stuck his head
Into his varnish-pot.

* * * * *
They made a pile upon the floor
Of Mr. Wenzler's roses,
And there beneath that heavy weight
The "liner" man reposes.

THE "SERPENT."—It is related by Mersenus, who made this instrument his special study, that the serpent is capable of being sounded loudly enough to drown a score of robust voices; and yet its sound may be attuned to the softness of the sweetest voice. During the middle ages, this instrument was much used in churches.